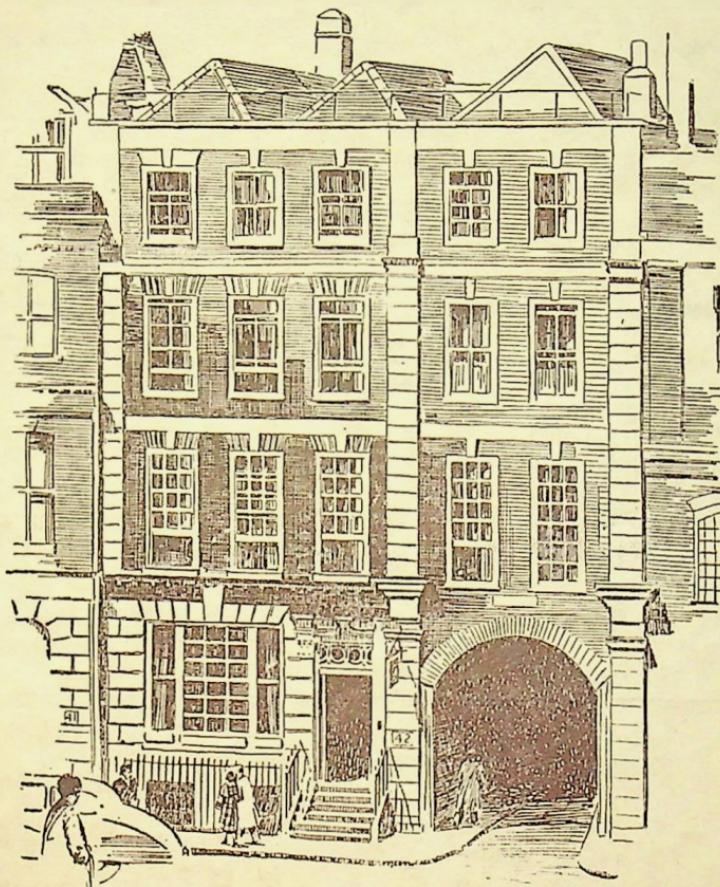


THE LOG

Toc H Women's Association



CRUTCHED FRIARS HOUSE Headquarters of Toc H Women's Association

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1955

NINEPENCE

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THE LOG

VOL. XXIX :: NO. 6

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1955

URUGUAY, Brazil, Argentina, Chile — there she goes, A.B.S.M., Founder Pilot, off on her adventurous South American journey. Because it *will* be adventurous. Everything she touches is; nothing is ever flat and dull, that is not her way of looking at life. That is not the way life looks at her.

Before Mac took off to make some more history, she finished writing the history of the first ten years of Toc H Women's Association. There is plenty more of the history to be written later, but now the first book is done.

This is a special number of the Log, because we are privileged to publish the first chapter of this first book (page 176). There may be some additions, some subtractions, before it finds its way into its final book covers, but substantially, this chapter will be the same. There is only one drawback: read this chapter now and you will want to get the rest of the book into your hands immediately! Publication is planned for next year.

I thought it topical that in this number where we have the beginnings of the history, we should have a portrait of Miss Macfie by someone who knows her well—although A.B.S.M. once asked me who ever really *knows* anyone else? (Jane Welch's interesting portrait is on page 172.)

Jean Edwards asks the question about knowing people in even another form: she asks does one ever know one's self?

Her article on page 184 on *Laughter* is one that should bring in letters: many of us will be nodding our heads vigorously—and solemnly!—agreeing that without laughter there is no salt to living. I believe that real laughter (not the silly snigger nor the gossipy giggle!) gives warmth and depth to life and that men and women who draw or write or speak with wit are like a special Christmas gift any day of the year . . .

AND when this Log appears, it will soon be Christmas again: the sharp bright stars of Christmas morning prick out in my mind as I remember it. May they shine with happiness for you all. Happy Christmas!

Editor: BARBARA VISE



Summer Holiday

First-week group on the left; second-week group on the right-hand page

AS I sat down to write this article the thought came into my mind, what is the ideal holiday? Surely it is one which gives both spiritual and mental as well as physical refreshment, and that is exactly what Leiston has done for those who embarked on yet another pioneering venture of Toc H Women's Association—the first Summer Holiday School. The three of us who were able to stay the whole fortnight were indeed fortunate, and for all of us it was a holiday we shall never forget.

There was so much that contributed to the happiness of us all—the beauty of the countryside, the peace of the Abbey, the friendship and the humour, the knowledge gained, the convictions confirmed, the give-and-take of lively discussion, and, of course, good food and glorious weather.

Perhaps some of us arrived at the Abbey rather wondering what we had let ourselves in for, but within a very short time we were settled in and feeling very much at home, rejoicing in old acquaintances renewed and new friendships formed, and finding interest in meeting people from as far south as Bournemouth and Weymouth and as far west as Bristol and Swansea, not to mention those from the Midlands, the Eastern counties and the Metropolis, and of course our friend from over the border. Many of us, too, were thrilled to meet those who had previously been only names in our diaries or in the Loc—Miss Rita Fowler, our General Secretary, for example, Miss Turner, our Chaplain, and Miss Kathleen Owen, Chairman of the Central Executive Committee. One of the most attractive features of this holiday was the living with and the getting to know so many more members of the Toc H Family and their friends.

OUR four resident lecturers too, were very much a part of the Leiston Family. During the first week the Rev. P. H. M. Bryant, M.A., (Chaplain, Harrow School) put most of us to shame by his seemingly endless energy. It was rumoured he walked 15 miles a day, and while the rest of us were still in bed he was hiking the couple of miles to the coast for a bathe before breakfast! It was under his guidance that, by the end of the first week,

SCHOOL

1955



we felt that we had a deeper vision of the Kingdom of God, and of the true meaning of thinking fairly, loving widely, witnessing humbly and building bravely. In the same way during the second week it was the Rev. B. A. Soltau, M.A., M.R.S.T., (Vicar of Stubbings, Maidenhead) who brought home to us in his quiet, thoughtful way a clearer answer to the question, "What is Christianity?" than perhaps we had ever known before. It was in the first week that Miss Marianne Dacombe, M.A. (sometime W.E.A. lecturer in Hampshire, Dorset and Wiltshire), contributed so much to the happiness of the community. Her charm of manner, her sense of fun and her fund of stories endeared her to everybody, and her lectures on "The Changing World" during the last hundred years were fascinating, and really prepared the way for Mr. O. C. Findlow's lectures on "Creative Living" in the following week. As I.C.F. Missioner in Burton-on-Trent he was well qualified to give us an insight into the set-up and organisation of industry, and to show us how industry rightly conceived should be not a competitive concern, but a social service.

In all the lectures there was much food for thought, and our minds were certainly stretched. Even so there was plenty of time for relaxation and for exploring the countryside. Little groups of people could almost always be seen reclining in deckchairs on

the lawn, knitting, reading, chatting, and (dare I say it?) sleeping! There were delightful walks round the near countryside, and who will ever forget the blue of the chicory in the hedgerows, the brilliance of the peacock butterflies, or the thrill of finding a horned poppy? Then there

EILEEN CUDMER makes a report
on a fortnight that mixed work and
play in excellent shape at Leiston
Abbey in Suffolk this summer

were the organised outings to Norwich in the first week and to Great Yarmouth and to Southwold in the second week. We were most fortunate in having members of the Norwich branch as our guides to the Cathedral, the Castle and other places of interest. At Yarmouth we enjoyed a picnic lunch on the beach which was followed by a very pleasant cruise on Breydon Water and up the River Waveney—new scenery to many of us, with its windmills and wide stretches of water. There are so many incidents and places one could describe in detail, but there is time to do no more than mention them—tea in the café that was once a stable at Walberswick, a walk after a thunderstorm to Sizewell, lying on the beach at Thorpeness then walking on to Aldeburgh, an unexpected visit to Lavenham with its timbered buildings, a bus-ride to Ipswich, a glass of cider after a walk to Theberton, the nearest village, and the magnificent Suffolk churches. And always we came back to the quietude and friendliness of the Abbey which we did indeed come to regard as "home". Nor must the Lady Chapel be forgotten—the very heart of the Abbey in the same way that the Upper Room was and is the heart of the Old House. Here was a place where we received a stillness and a peace which sank deep into our hearts and remained with us throughout the day, whether we were listening to a lecture, exploring the neighbourhood or enjoying our Friday socials.

I cannot stop without some mention of our evening entertainment. First there were the coloured films for which we had Miss Kathleen Owen to thank—one, a Toc H film, which coming on the first evening of each week made everyone feel at home, and the others about Athens and Nigeria. Then there were the excellent illustrated talks on "Old Suffolk Towns" by Miss J. B. Mitchell, M.A., Fellow of Newnham College, Cambridge, and on the Birds of Suffolk by Major E. H. Lynn-Allen (Hon. Warden, Minsmere Bird Sanctuary). Interesting talks these, which taught us much about our surroundings. Then there was the evening when Mr. E. C. Durham came to tell us about the work of the United Nations Association for backward countries and for the solution of the food problem.

All those who went to the first Summer Holiday School are, I am sure, agreed that it must not be the last, and many are already looking forward to the next. It is the ideal holiday for the young and the not-so-young. There were laughter, gaiety and humour, and in contrast times of deep seriousness and peace. Our minds were exercised, and we enjoyed the beauty of seaside and country, and for those who wished there was bathing and tennis. Last and by no means least, this article must not end without a word of appreciation and thanks to Miss Celia Powell, who made such a charming hostess, and who worked so hard to give us all such a happy holiday.

MARIANNE TURNER, Chaplain to
Toc H Women's Association, reviews a
book that she has found full of stimulation
and recommends without reserve

THIS is the title of a book by Miss Graham Ikin (Epworth Press 6/-). It is a book full of practical wisdom. Miss Ikin is especially anxious that we should make *positive* use of the difficulties that beset us, such as failures and mistakes, and the "hard luck" that befalls all of us at times. As a psychologist she gives wise advice too about the training of children and has some important illustrations of failure in adult life owing to wrong treatment in infancy and childhood. The book contains sixteen short articles which, as the author says in her preface, "combine both psychological and religious experience in a harmony which may help those who sometimes fear that psychology is undermining religion" (p.8).

I like particularly what she writes about creative imagination in connection with *limitations* which beset us in which *opportunity* is enshrined, which she defines as "two sides of the same situation" (p.31). By accepting a limitation we can find the opportunity of making a creative response which can transform our limitations into blessings. In a moving article Miss Ikin goes deeply into the problems of sin and suffering and shows how the redemptive work of Christ can be brought home to others by our own acceptance of the suffering which comes to us through the faults and mistakes of others. "Am I accepting the suffering which follows . . . from the sins, negligences and ignorances of others, in the Spirit of Christ, so that He can use such suffering to bring the great Kingdom of Love on earth as it is in heaven?" (p.52). So Miss Ikin leads us on through Christian problems to the last article "Autumn Colour" in which she shows how in maturity, as self-centredness disappears, a fuller and richer world opens out before us, and an attitude of serenity develops.

Do read this book.

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GREEN FINGERS and STOUT HEARTS

THIS is a story of old men (and women) with green fingers and stout hearts—the gardeners of England. Courage and industry are their predominant characteristics, patience and perseverance are second nature. It is these grand old people of the soil who, when no longer able to tend the earth they love so well, are the concern of the Gardeners' Royal Benevolent Institution.

The care of old people is not a new problem, but it has become apparent and more acute owing to the break-up of family life, lack of accommodation, high rents and rising costs.

It was over 117 years ago that a series of bad harvests gave rise to genuine hardship among the aged poor of this country, and caused some benevolent horticulturists to found this charity to assist retired gardeners and their widows.

The early work of the charity consisted solely of granting pensions and, as the years passed, many professional gardeners made annual contributions, and many prominent people helped in the task of raising funds. Foremost among these were Sir Joseph Paxton, designer of the Crystal Palace and himself a famous gardener, and his friend Charles Dickens, who lent his eloquence to the task with his usual whole-hearted vigour.

In 1851 Her late Majesty Queen Victoria bestowed Royal Patronage and to-day His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester is President.

Over 50 years ago the Good Samaritan Fund was inaugurated to deal with sudden emergencies among pensioners and others, and to-day many grants from this Fund are made for extra fuel, invalid foods, warm but light blankets which will not weigh heavy on old bones, fares to visit a loved partner in hospital, and many other vital needs.

ONCE a candidate is placed on the Charity's Pension List he or she is put in touch with a friendly visitor in his neighbourhood, and so has someone to take a kindly interest in his or her welfare, to give help and advice at a crucial moment and to report to Headquarters if further aid be needed. Thus many who are too proud to ask for help for themselves are watched over and assisted in sickness, sudden bereavement or domestic diffi-



NOEL HOGG, Secretary of the Gardeners' Royal Benevolent Institution, writes about an idea that was planted over 117 year ago and has not wilted since . . .

culty. This also makes it easy to ensure that full State benefits are applied for and enjoyed. Official forms are frightening things if you have poor sight and do not understand them, and a little practical help in these matters simplifies such problems. (Members of Toc H W.A. who feel there is work for them in this visiting, may have further details from the Gardeners' Royal Benevolent Institution, 92 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.)

Housing has always been a serious problem for retired gardeners since many must relinquish a "tied" cottage on giving up work. Married children are themselves often pressed for room for growing families, yet the parting of an old couple—married perhaps for 50 or more years—frequently precipitates a breakdown in health and happiness, and a parting may well be inevitable if no home is available.

To meet this problem the Gardeners' Benevolent Country Home was opened in November 1952 in the charming little Buckinghamshire village of Horton, and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester graciously performed the opening ceremony. It houses 26 people, married couples, single gardeners (male and female), and widows of gardeners, being eligible. It has a very homely and peaceful atmosphere, and, standing in 5 acres of ground, affords ample opportunity for green fingers to get busy if they feel like it. The comfortable double and single

bedrooms are centrally heated, as are the spacious sitting rooms with easy chairs for all, and television and wireless, a recreation room for darts, a library and a large communal dining room.

BUT, in attempting to solve one problem another, equally urgent, came to light.

The residents who enter the Home active enough to lead a communal life do not grow younger—the eldest of these is 92 and the average age is 78. As infirmity creeps on the possibility of becoming seriously ill and being sent away to die among strangers is a prevalent and haunting fear, and since the State Hospitals' Chronic Wards are so full it would mean being sent beyond the reach of visits from relatives and friends who are themselves frail and unaccustomed to the rush of modern travel.

To meet this new problem the Management Committee decided to build a Hospital Annexe adjoining the Home to accommodate 9 patients and nursing staff, and the need being so urgent building operations were started in faith that the required £10,000 would be forthcoming.

In May 1955 Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester graciously attended a meeting when a National Appeal was launched at the Mansion House at the kind invitation of the Lord Mayor, Sir Seymour Howard, himself a very good friend of "the Gardeners" and a Past Master of the Worshipful Company of Gardeners.

Faith that the money for so urgent and vital a need would be forthcoming has been justified to the extent of £6,600 up to date, but the balance of the £10,000 must be found as the Annexe should be complete and ready for use this autumn.

Funds are also needed to extend the Pension List, for it is hard indeed to place applicants of 80 or 90 years on a waiting list. The Good Samaritan Fund is also hard pressed to make ends meet, particularly in winter time.

Here are some of the extra activities which help to raise the funds so urgently required.

Christmas Cards and Calendars are on sale at Headquarters from 1st September each year.

Decorative wild rose token stamps at one penny are available in any quantity and make attractive seals for gift parcels.

Many beautiful and historic gardens open each summer in aid of the charity and the list of Garden Openings, post free 2½d, is available from March 1st.

Each one of us owes a daily debt of gratitude to gardeners wherever we may be, and what better thank-offering could be made than to extend to them a helping hand in the evening of their lives?

FEW readers can be unaware of the rising costs of living, and the difficulties of maintaining former standards, let alone of aspiring to new ones. Yet how many have considered seriously how this constant rise affects the Family Purse?

While our Family Income before the war was adequate for most of our needs, to-day it falls far short of our ordinary requirements, while many endowments also need supplementing, and there are fewer really rich friends to help us.

Faced not only with trying to balance the Budget, but of obtaining a surplus so that urgently needed staff could be appointed and more work undertaken, a Central Revenue Committee was formed some years ago. This has done excellent work, but much remains to be done. One member of this Committee—Mr. C. Jackson-Cole—was so strongly determined that the work of Toc H must not be hampered by lack of money, that he made himself personally responsible for a special effort. Known as the Toc H Development Appeal, this has already been the means of contributing over £5000 to the Family Purse.

MR. JACKSON-COLE recruited a small team of people, some of them already members of Toc H, to help him in this appeal, and part of their work has been to visit business firms, charitable trusts, and individuals, seeking their support as donors, Builders, or Deed-of-Covenanters. So far, however, the largest amounts have been from the Alexandra Rose Day Appeals, which the Team and members of Toc H have helped to organise in London and elsewhere. The Committee of this well-known National Charity, in recognition of the importance of the work of Toc H in hospitals and on behalf of large numbers of cripples, aged, and infirm and children, awarded us donations from some forty places where we were responsible for the work on their behalf, and the Team especially welcomed the help given them by many Branches and individuals in such areas. They would also welcome more help in this branch of their work, and can send further particulars on request.

Other means of obtaining money have included special efforts such as dances, dramatic shows, etc., and we look forward to having many more such efforts, as these help to publicise Toc H locally and to develop it in its widest sense, as well as raising money. A special "Coming Attraction" is a concert by Dame Myra Hess in Bath in November.

Mr. Jackson-Cole's Team will welcome any ideas and suggestions to further the Appeal.

W. J. A. C.

THE Women's Junior Air Corps is a voluntary organisation for girls between the ages of 14 and 20 years, with Units throughout the United Kingdom. The Corps was formed in 1939 to meet the need of girls who were air-minded and who wished to train for service either in the Services or in civilian life.

Since the war the Corps is no longer a pre-Service training Unit. It is now one of the three sister organisations, with the Girls' Training Corps and the Girls' Nautical Training Corps. The Ministry of Education provides a grant to assist in the upkeep of the small headquarters staff, but the Units are self-supporting and buy their own uniforms, and, in the case of the W.J.A.C. help to pay for their own Air Training. To encourage and help, each Unit has an Adult Committee comprised of men and women drawn from industry, education and national adult organisations. A number of our Units have members of the Toc H Women's Association serving on their Committees.

Units meet on one or two evenings a week during which time both general and aviation training take place.

Aviation Training is planned especially for the Corps and although it is simplified, any girl can learn a great deal about aviation from it. Flights in the Corps' own aeroplane, "Grey Dove" provide practical demonstrations. This plane has taken up over 10,000 Cadets since 1947.

Flying Scholarships are awarded annually to two or three girls who then learn to fly at their local flying clubs. The Scholarships give 25 hours' flying training. Thirty girls have won scholarships since 1946, and four have also won Gliding "A" Certificates.

IT is not the object of the Corps to train every girl to be a pilot, but we wish to give the opportunity to girls who have not the means but who possess the necessary determination and natural ability.

A good pilot must be decisive, have good judgment, and a sense of responsibility. Qualities worth developing in men and women.

General Training is also taken by all Units. Courses are taken in public affairs, home-making, First Aid and crafts, together with some specialised subjects. These vary widely and include judo, rifle range shooting and many outdoor pursuits.

VERA WHEATCROFT, Training Officer, gives us a flying look at an organisation which covers a lot of ground.

The Aims of the Corps are threefold:

Service, achieved by most Units through undertaking part-time hospital work, visiting old people or running canteens;

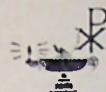
An Intelligent Airmindedness; and

Discipline, without which enthusiasm and effort can easily be wasted.

Voluntary Officers as in any Youth Organisation, are a constant need if the Corps is to continue expanding. Some of the Officers are ex-Service Women, but many are women who have had little or no experience of youth work or of the Services. These Officers are interested in young people and realise how vital it is to the Country that they should have an opportunity to undertake responsibilities and at the same time pursue a wide variety of leisure-time interests. Married as well as single women volunteer to help, especially those with small families, for it provides an outside interest and they feel that while the time they can give is limited this one-night-a-week job is a worthwhile one. Women over 20 years old can be trained locally during short week-end and evening courses.



THE FOUNDER PILOT



IT was a bright Sunday in March, 1938, and the first Toc H Pilgrimage of the year had been greeted with more than usual warmth by the good folk of Poperinghe. You see, it was only a few days after Chamberlain had returned from his memorable visit to Munich. Mac and I had gone that afternoon to pay our respects to one of our friends. As we stepped into the twilight of her little shop Madame ran forward excitedly, and, throwing her arms round Mac exclaimed between a hurricane of sobs and smiles—"Oh! you have come!—But it is good to see you again!—These Germans!—But we know if they invade Belgium again, the English would come and save us as they did before!"

I felt a little embarrassed and not a little sad. The future was so uncertain—if the testing time should come again, how would we stand? But, for Madame, the clouds, for the moment, had all dispersed. When Belgium was invaded in 1914, the English had come to her succour and throughout those years of heroic struggle the little island strip round Ypres had been held inviolate.

It was not men only who had offered their lives; women had come too, with the British Red Cross. And Mac was one of them. Madame remembered that. For two years Mac had worked as a V.A.D. in Belgium. In April 1917 she was seconded to a hospital in Poperinghe.

In an early article in the Log (April 1931) Mac wrote "Easter 1917 . . . is the only 'memorable date' I can discover in my own life, and it is the date on which I became inextricably involved in whatever it is that we now call Toc H! L.W.H. would have happened in any case, but to the events of this month I owe my own entry into the family . . . There were three unforgettable visits to Talbot House, one an amazing Eucharist on Easter Day, another for a Sunday evening service in the big barn, and a third for the tea-party on the lawn in the garden."

The War ended, Mac returned to England and continued her hospital work, this time in the department of physio-therapy. All the time, however, she kept in touch with those who were working for the foundation of a new Talbot House in London.

The story of the re-birth of Toc H has been told many times, but I think there are few who realise she was a member of its first Executive Committee.

WOMEN had been foremost in supplying the needs of Talbot House in Flanders and they were equally eager to give what aid they could to the adventure now in hand. By 1922, the need of enlisting new friends was evident, and the League of Women Helpers was called into being.

Its first meeting was held in Mrs. Horne's drawing-room in Kensington, and, as new schemes were outlined and new plans made, it became obvious that, in order to control and co-ordinate the many threads, a secretary was necessary—someone with a clear head and an orderly mind. The choice was speedily made—it fell on Miss Macie, the youngest, and I'm sure the most shy of all those present. It was a wholly demanding job. Mac came to live on "the Hill" where, for thirty-three years now, she has dedicated her life in the voluntary service of Toc H.

Following the pattern of Toc H, the first venture of L.W.H. was the establishment of a hostel for women and girls in Great Tower Street. New June was to be not only the headquarters of L.W.H. but the embodiment of an ideal—the Toc H way of life in action. Mac was its first Warden. Linked closely with All Hallows, the house was a centre of hospitality for visitors both home and overseas. A lunch-club was run for City-workers by day, and in the evening and at week-ends, it became a meeting-place for L.W.H. gatherings of many kinds.

As the scope of L.W.H. widened Mac was released from her post as Secretary and took over the wider duties of Administrator. Much of her time was spent in starting and helping the new units that were springing up all over the country, and in 1929 came the first Overseas tour for Toc H and L.W.H. in Australia and New Zealand.

The title of Administrator was soon dropped and instead she was given the much more appropriate name of Founder Pilot.

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary defines a pilot as "a steersman, one who conducts ships in and out of harbour, along a dangerous coast, etc.; an aviator; a guide."

THIS does sum up most aptly the work Mac has been doing for the last quarter of a century—steering a young community through the shoals and hazards of a new venture, inspiring and helping with projects already begun, training leaders to assume responsibility, and, in their turn, to pass on to others the ideals of Toc H.

JANE WELCH, asked specially to write this study for the LOG, when she gets to the root of A.B.S.M.'s character sums up "its unshakable integrity and singleness of purpose, its tenacity and dignity, the courage never to envisage defeat but to go straight forward whatever the obstacle" . . .

In the early days, the training of pilots especially was Mac's personal concern. For those of us within reach of London there were training afternoons and evenings at No. 7 Tower Hill. And how we looked forward to them! Perhaps some of us began by being just a little scared of the Founder Pilot, but as we got to know her better, we realised that what appeared to be aloofness was a desperate shyness, and that below was a fund of affection and great humility.

It was on one of her celebrated Pilots' walks ("hiking" hadn't then been invented!) that I had my first gleam of the real situation. I don't remember much about the walk, but I do remember the tea we had afterwards, sitting round one long table, and how, with much fun and laughter, we came to the subject of Christian names, and how, last of all, we extracted "Alison Bland Scott Macie". I don't think, up to that minute, it had occurred to us that the initials A.B.S.M. we knew so well, had masked anything so familiar as a Christian name! It was on the same occasion, I believe, that we elicited that she hadn't a birthday — not an ordinary one anyhow—for she was born on Christmas Day. That too, marked her out as someone "special".

Much of Mac's time is spent in correspondence, for not only is she *the* authority on all matters historical and biographical, but her clear-sightedness makes her advice sought in problems arising in all parts of the Toc H world.

She travels a good deal, keeping her fingers on the pulse of the Movement—week-end Rallies here or Guest-nights there—and, of course, the Festivals. As a speaker she is a joy to listen to. Whatever she says is worthwhile, nothing is superfluous, all is to the point and well phrased. She has a lovely speaking voice and even in the largest hall, no word is lost through fault of pitch or tone.

IN 1952 and '53 she was away for just over a year re-visiting Toc H in New Zealand and Australia, and from there on to give greeting to the Branches and outposts of Southern and Central Africa and along the Mediterranean. Now she is flying to South America to visit the scattered family in that Continent.

Up to date, though, she has not fully earned the defined title of "aviator" by piloting her own plane!

In another sense, though, it has been her special work to guide us to the heavenlies by ever keeping before us the spiritual foundation upon which Toc H is built. The observance of Lady Day and Michaelmas Day for the upholding of the Family, have always been a special charge—and what infinite pains she takes with the preparation of the Michaelmas leaflet! Those who know All Hallows at all know how dear to her heart is the Guild Church of Toc H. Never is she more happy than when some Family Occasion draws its members thither to pledge anew their allegiance.

IN the Log, too, for so many years, she has gently guided us in the appreciation of things beautiful and true. We have read so many good articles from her pen—so much of wisdom salted with wit—that perhaps we have failed to realise the immense pains that have been taken to produce the seemingly effortless result.

Nothing short of perfection satisfies Mac. She will never have truck with half-measures or half-truths, and no easy approval is given to that which falls short of the best possible effort.

One of her outstanding characteristics is her love of simple things. There is nothing fussy about Mac, either in her ways or in her attire. She loves simplicity and directness: she hates pomposity and religiosity. Anything bordering on sham is anathema. She has a great sense of humour and has never lost a youthful zest for fun. She loves little children—they are never afraid of her. When she lived in Upper East Smithfield for a while, throngs of grubby urchins hung about her door and greeted her as friend—her "step-children" she used to call them. It is those who have been through great adversity or sickness who know most of her kindness and unobtrusive generosity. And how many humble folk there are who have blessed her for her sympathy and understanding!

It is a joy to visit her in her flat at the top of Crutched Friars House. Everything is so harmonious and orderly, books, pictures, furniture, obviously well-loved and well used. There is an atmosphere of tranquillity that permeates it all. It may come partly maybe, from its aloofness from the clutter of commerce below, and its stance of open sky and stars, but certainly, too, from the personality of the lady whose home it is.

There is so much more that might be written about Mac. No mention has been made of her War-time service in Orkney, of her work at Headquarters and on the C.E.C., of her part in directing policy and shaping the course of the Movement today. To say too much would be to offend the reticence of a true Scot. For it is to her Scottish heritage, perhaps, that she owes the rock-like foundation of her character—its unshakable integrity and singleness of purpose, its tenacity and its dignity, the courage never to envisage defeat but to go straight forward, whatever the obstacle.

The picture would be incomplete, however, if the impression were left that she did not possess the complementary defects of a strong character. At times she is capable of an 'impish' perversity. But saints are not easily made. Even the Apostle Paul was not able to write until quite late in his ministry—and then possibly with his tongue in his cheek—that he had attained that stage wherein he could suffer fools gladly!

Granite may prove an obdurate material in the handling, but it is the stone chosen by the builder for the edifice that is to stand the test of time. And as it takes the stress of winds and weather its contours soften, its colours mellow, and strength becomes a beautiful and gracious thing.



*This is the face of
the house at Poper-
inghe where so much
was started*

THE FIRST CHAPTER

EVERY story must have a beginning, and happy is the writer who knows just where to find it. It is not easy to see exactly where the story of women's part in the Toc H Movement began to unfold nor is it easy to tell it. Things have changed so much in the last forty years, and not least in all matters concerning the life, education and work of girls, that one has constantly to remind oneself that the sort of lives and the circumstances in which they were lived in the early nineteen-twenties and before, can hardly be imagined in any real way by the younger people of to-day. Toc H has changed too, in this period of time, and the tale of early struggles, successes and failures, must

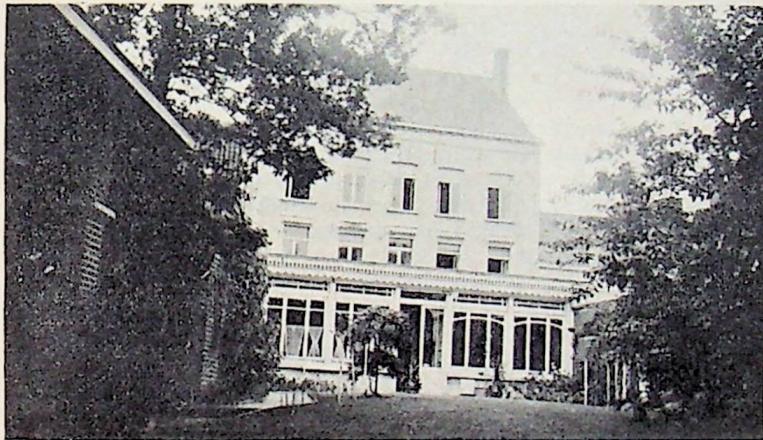
A. B. S. MACFIE has now completed the first part of the history of Toc H Women's Association—it is a remarkably stirring book, a factual record of many odd and many interesting things. It will be on sale in the Spring and the Founder Pilot has given permission for this first chapter to be published in the LOG.

wear a slightly unreal complexion in the light of present developments.

THE best way may be, after all, just to tell the story as it happened to some few of the "old originals", who were fortunate enough to be in the neighbourhood of Poperinghe and to go to the Old House itself during the first World War, and so to be numbered among the Foundation Members of Toc H.

The year 1916 found two of us nursing at a big Belgian Red Cross hospital in the one corner of Belgium which remained free. Here at La Panne, King Albert and his Queen lived in a villa on the outskirts, and the Hôtel de l'Océan, then standing alone among the sand dunes, became the central building of a large hospital of which the greater part consisted of huts. The hospital was under the direction of Col. Depage, who was "Médecin en Chef" and a well-known surgeon in Brussels, with an English Matron and a large staff of Belgian and British sisters and nurses; and here Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians came daily to do the dressings of some of the patients, to the great encouragement and happiness of all.

Another view of this house of ideas



IN the spring of 1917 reliefs were required for another small Belgian hospital near Poperinghe, where the nurses were badly in need of long overdue leave. My cousin and I found ourselves trundling along over the rough roads in a Red Cross car, proud possessors of "laissez-passers" from the Armée Belge which took us into the British section of the line, and of special permits from the Adjutant-General of the British Armies in France, allowing us to proceed to Poperinghe "within the area occupied by the British Army" and to stay there for a specified period. We were tremendously thrilled to be for a time among the British units, and close to the heroic defenders of the Salient of Ypres.

The Hôpital Elizabeth was situated in a field behind Château Couthove, a few kilometres from Poperinghe. The lane leading to the hospital is easily called to mind and recognised by any old soldiers who have served in the area, as on one corner was the Military Laundry and on the other the De-lousing Station. I shall never forget a visit we paid to the laundry and the sight of large heaps of socks in every stage of decay being turned over by two old women who picked out any which were capable of further use. The hospital had military and civilian wards, and a small maternity ward. Our ward was filled with old men who, with their wives, had refused to leave their homes until they were bombed out of them.

A side-line of the Hôpital Elizabeth was the keeping going of the lace-making industry. The Lace Car used to go out every day, taking the thread to the skilled lace-makers who remained in the area, and collecting their work when finished.

THE Easter Festival came while we were at Couthove, and we asked if we could possibly attend an English service. In La Panne at that time there were no English Church Services, though later we had a little church served by the Army Padres, when the British came to the northern end of the line. We were therefore taken by ambulance into Poperinghe and there deposited outside the big iron-work doors of Talbot House in the Rue de l'Hôpital. I have a hazy recollection of many people about the place, as we were conducted up the stairs to the upper floors. I do remember very distinctly, however, that on climbing up the steep stair to the Upper Room and on reaching the level of the floor with my head, I looked around and saw nothing but a sea of very muddy boots and khaki puttees, all much the same in colour. There had been services going on continuously since dawn, and still the Chapel was crowded. Room was made for us, and we knelt before that sacred Bench beside men for whom this was a rare and deeply valued opportunity in the dark and dangerous life of the trenches round Ypres. Often, when I revisit Talbot House now, and sit as nearly as possible in the place I first knew in the Upper Room, I can still feel that atmosphere of tense attention, as now

after row of worshippers went forward in response to the divine invitation.

When we came down from the Upper Room we found the Padre who had taken the service greeting the congregation as it stood about in the hall or vanished into the garden or out into the street. Some, like ourselves, being newcomers, were specially welcomed and filled in the slips of paper which constituted the Talbot House Communicants' Roll. That was my first visit to Talbot House, and the first time I met the "Junkeeper" of the "Tales", the Rev. P. B. Clayton, now known to all as Tubby.

ON another Sunday evening we managed to attend a service at Talbot House, but this time in the barn, which really belonged to the farm next door and was entered by a doorway knocked through the wall. And on a weekday we were the special guests at a tea-party in the garden, when most of the others present were weary gunners straight out of the line.

Though nurses were a comparatively rare sight in Poperinghe it must be realised that they did appear from time to time, coming from Casualty Clearing Stations and Hospitals chiefly at Lissenthoek and Reny Siding, not far from Poperinghe. Rose Stapleton, in later years a worker for Toc H in Birmingham, was at the Old House at Christmas-time in 1915. Mary Dorothy Allen, who is still one of our active members, and her friend Ethel Webb Johnston (later on at Girls' Collegiate School at Pietermaritzburg) were there in 1916. And Sister Luard, R.R.C., who had known Tubby at No. 16 General Hospital at Le Tréport, when he first went out to the front from Portsea Parish Church, was from July to September 1917, sister-in-charge of the Advanced Abdominal Station at Brandhoek between Poperinghe and Vlamerdinghe. This station was an experiment which aimed at making treatment available much more quickly for the seriously wounded in chest or abdomen and in this way to save many precious lives.

AFTER returning to La Panne from Poperinghe, and eventually to London from La Panne, I became one of the many friends who helped Tubby's work at Talbot House in any way that was both needed and possible. The needs were, after all, very much like the needs of the Service Clubs of the last war, though on a smaller scale. Cigarettes, woollies, books and papers were in constant demand, and, at the end of each year, toys or the money to buy them for the parties held in the house for the Belgian Children on the Feast of St. Nicholas or near Christmas. One at least of these children still lives in Poperinghe, and with her husband gives much help to the Old House in its modern rôle. Friends at home, led by Mrs. Clayton, Tubby's mother, kept the

The Founder Pilot, author of the book, has promised to autograph the first hundred copies of the first part of the history of the Toe H Women's Association. It is too early for orders to be accepted yet, but we hope to give a date in the next number of the Log.

stream of supplies constantly moving and put their prayers as well as their hearts into their work. Others who helped were the relatives and friends of men who used Talbot House. They received letters written from there, telling of the friendship found, the beauty and peace of the garden, the humour of the notices, the comfort and peace of the Upper Room. They knew what this meant and were grateful.

As is generally known, Tubby spent the first year after the war at the Test School, set up in Knutsford Prison, with the Service Candidates for Ordination, this scheme having, to a great extent, originated in Talbot House. But the seed of Toe H was not dormant, "whiz-bang" postcards, asking for news and telling of the publication of "The Tales of Talbot House" were sent out to every known address, and plans were made for action. The friends and sympathisers in the background were kept informed of these things, and some even visited the Padre and the would-be ordinants in Knutsford Prison, their temporary home and school. Once I paid them a visit, and saw the strange sight of many men of all ages wandering freely about the grim corridors and prison precincts. Rehearsals for a performance of "Macbeth" were going forward, and the caste, in costume, accompanied me to the station to catch my train. This caused no sensation, as by now Knutsford was accustomed to the strange behaviour of the new inmates of the prison.

During the summer vacation, men at the Test School who had known Talbot House went out two by two, like the disciples in New Testament days, armed with lists of names and addresses and covering a great part of the country, carrying the good news of the coming rebirth of Talbot House in the autumn. Some went on bicycles, a few by car, most of them on foot; and one pair (the pair that called on me) travelled with a donkey.

AFTER one or two preliminary meetings a notice headed "Operation Order No. 1", with the Talbot House stamp upon it, was sent out far and wide, calling upon the membership (for a kind of enrolment had already taken place) to assemble in the Central Church Fund Office in Great Smith Street, Westminster "under the direction of General R. S. May, C.M.G., D.S.O., etc." on Saturday, November 15th, 1919. The last paragraph of that order is of special interest. It reads:—

The vital need of maintaining the old fellowship and extending it to the younger clerks, civil servants and students of London, offers special opportunity for the initiative of all arms, and risks must be boldly taken."

This should be clear enough to convince anyone that Toc H never intended to be and has never been an ex-service organisation.

At this meeting an Executive Committee was appointed and in spite of protest I was included in the number. When my name was mentioned I rose to say I could not possibly do it, but was firmly put in my place (which was apparently on the Executive) and told that other people were the best judges of my fitness. Perhaps this is the kind of firm line we should take with reluctant office-bearers designate in our branches nowadays?

The Executive set to work to launch an appeal for £30,000. The results were, financially, very disappointing, but much goodwill became evident and gave hope for the future. The personal efforts of Lady Byng, who read *The Tales of Talbot House* as a bedtime book, saved the appeal from complete failure.

After this my life was divided between hospital duties and the claims of Toc H, which now, besides issuing this appeal, energetically set about establishing Talbot Houses in London and elsewhere. So far Tubby's headquarters in London had been a flat (originally his sister's) at the top of a house in Red Lion Square, from whence they fished for the renewal of old contacts by means of a label, tied to a long string, and let down from one of the front windows until it reached the level of the many chests of passers-by. I only visited this temporary abode once, when I had a box of lump sugar (saved from my hospital rations, sugar still being a precious commodity) to hand over to the Gen, and when I was invited to perform the "inauguration ceremony" of a new lampshade, by putting it in place, the light then being switched on! This flat in Red Lion Square and the corner of the Challenge office in Effingham Street gave place to Marks I and II and office room on the ground floor of the latter.

The unofficial helpers sometimes found their hands very full indeed. Mark II at its start had no curtains, and as one or two of the ground floor rooms were used as bedrooms this was embarrassing, not so much for the Marksmen as for the curious passer-by. However, Army Disposal Board Sales helped us out of the difficulty. The Founder Padre (at this period he was just the secretary) bought an odd lot, and amongst its varied items there was a large bundle of green casement curtains, made for the windows of army huts, and evidently used at some time for mopping

up the ink spilt by orderlies. In answer to an urgent summons, I went to assess the possibilities of making these small curtains fit the large windows of Mark II—for as Tubby so rightly said, it might be expensive to brick in the windows to fit the curtains.

The result was something like a tidal wave, washing over the hospital in which I was then working. Toc H carried everything before it! An enormous and very dirty bundle was dumped at the front door, a highly astonished porter carried it up to my bed-sitting-room, one of the sisters produced a sewing machine and devoted all her spare time for a week to the job, the Home Sister frowned but said nothing about the mess, Annie the ward-maid offered to launder the finished articles and—Matron beamed upon it all!

THIS first phase of helping Toc H perhaps reached its climax at the Birthday Party of December 1921. The celebrations included a service held at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and a reunion in the Crypt. The Party itself was held in Grosvenor House in Park Lane, kindly lent by our good friend the late Duke of Westminster, whose town house it was. Between Trafalgar Square and Park Lane, London, members wearing armlets bearing the proud device "Toc H", were posted at street corners to direct our country cousins who didn't know the way. Coats and hats were piled in the entrance hall of Grosvenor House, warmly covering the Gen's two small sons, "the Nibs", who, however, emerged scatheless but sleepy at the end of the evening.

ENTERAINMENT went merrily forward, under the ghostly surveillance of the Grosvenor family portraits, swathed in their dust sheets. Prince Henry, guest of honour in the place of his brother the Prince of Wales (who was away on one of his tours), arrived at the appointed hour, and as the proper reception committee was at the other end of the long corridor he was received by anyone who happened to be standing about, including one or two ladies who were handing out the programmes. He was escorted to the scene of revelry, narrowly escaping a collision with the hurrying figure of the Founder Padre on his way to greet him. Music, supper, dancing and Old Lang Syne filled the programme of this, the first post-war birthday anniversary of a very young movement—a movement which showed in its activities much humour and happiness, originality and enterprise, with something more which can best be described, perhaps, as "maintaining the old fellowship and extending it to the younger", for the very definite reason that it had been tried and proved invaluable in the hard experience of the war.

SECOND NATIONAL RALLY OF TOC H WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION SOUTHERN AFRICA

OVER the weekend 9th, 10th and 11th July, the second National Rally was held in Durban. We were fortunate in being able to hold it at the Howard College of the Natal University, which is situated high on a ridge overlooking the town and bay, a most inspiring view. Fifty-five members were in residence and another fifty local members came and went to the various sessions. Among those fifty-five were members from places as far apart as Livingstone in Northern Rhodesia and Cape Town, the southernmost city of the Union.

The theme for the weekend was Rediscovering Toc H, inspired by the articles in the Journal by Mayne Elson. There are those who thought that we should have devoted the time to trying to find solutions to one or other of our problems of race relationship, but the committee responsible felt that in rediscovering Toc H we would recapture the inspiration and sense of adventure of Toc H and go back to our communities better equipped to tackle our problems. And that is just what happened to us over the weekend. We met as distant relations and parted as sisters bound together in the fellowship of a Toc H which had come alive.

On the Saturday afternoon Connie Lanham the Natal Area Chairman welcomed us and then called for short reports from the different areas. After tea and chatter we were divided up into teams and dispersed to various lecture rooms to talk about Toc H. When we gathered together at the end of the time, discussion was general and lively.

In the evening we had a Guest Night run as an ordinary branch meeting with Chairman, Secretary, Pilot, Jobbie, Speaker; after tea we sang Rogerium. Then came Homegoing Prayers.

Sunday started with Communions, and after breakfast there was the meeting of the Southern African Council, which took the whole morning. The afternoon was left free for sightseeing, chatter, snoozing or what you will. Then in the evening some of those in residence attended service at the Missions to Seamen, where Padre Don Rogers works.

Monday brought us to the climax of the weekend in the Rededication Service. This was a most inspiring service and set the seal on the whole week-end. In parting we remembered the All Hallows Bazaar and decided to give a donation from our funds. The money donated would purchase beadwork from the Toc H F.B. Settlement thus helping two Toc H projects.

Reported by E. WEBSTER

LAUGHTER . . .

NOT long ago I was shopping in a London store. As I hurried through one of the departments, I saw coming towards me a rather harassed-looking woman, carrying a number of parcels and looking rather familiar. I hurried on, thinking, "I'm sure I know her but I haven't time to stop now".

The next moment, I felt a violent blow on the face.

Looking round indignantly, I heard suppressed giggles from one or two assistants. I realised what had happened. There, face to face with me, was the harassed-looking woman, rubbing her nose—in a full-length looking-glass with which I had collided.

It is curious how little most of us know ourselves—not only physically, but at the deeper level of our personalities. Psychologists tell us that we dislike most of all in others our own faults. I had a nice example of this the other day when a friend—meaning, I am sure, to be flattering—referred to me as "vivacious". I looked at her in silent horror, for if there is one kind of woman I find at all uncongenial it is the vivacious sort. And I had fondly imagined for some years that I had been successfully cultivating serenity, calmness and tranquillity . . .

TO know ourselves is not easy, but to laugh at ourselves is always possible and we would be wise to cultivate the art. And laughter is a good weapon to use when we find that we are taking ourselves too seriously.

Children are quick to perceive in grown-ups any sign of pomposity and self-righteousness. My own small boys have their own titles for those whom they specially like. Friends are divided into two categories, the "jokers" and the "trick-gamers". The "jokers" are those who are friendly to them, but who mainly prefer the company of grown-ups. The "trick-gamers" are those who enjoy entering into their games and fantasies and who will spend hours thinking up nonsensical ideas and inventing new ways of doing things.

Most writers portray Jesus as a profound thinker, a great moral teacher, a great leader. He was, of course, all these things and more, for He is not to be contained in words, but I am sure that He loved laughter. How else could He have attracted people to Him as He did? And He was a great lover of children. They flocked to Him wherever He was, which is the best compliment any child can pay to an adult. His closeness to children is shown by the way in which He identified Himself with them when He said that to welcome "one such child" was to welcome Him.

JEAN EDWARDS' article will probably make you ask yourself whether you are a "joker" or a "trick-gamer"! Don't ask what it means—read the article . . .

CHILDREN love people who are ready to laugh with them, which incidentally is worth remembering when people say that according to the Gospels, Jesus never laughed or joked. He would not have been so popular with children if this were true.

Many of us even try to take the joy out of our religion. I have often been amazed, at the occasional Church services I have attended, at the change which comes over people as they kneel down to worship, the sorrowful expressions and anxious faces. I notice often the same thing at Quaker meetings. Surely we ought to be laughing and singing with joy! For was not a Child once born into the world Whose mission it was to recall us to our Heavenly Father? And Who, in spite of sorrow and pain, loved us so much that even at the agonising end to which we brought Him, yet prayed to His Father to forgive us?

Is there not cause for great joy and thankfulness that this could have happened for the sake of people like you and me?

SO at this time of the year when we celebrate the birth of Jesus, let us think about these things and rejoice, remembering the words Jesus spoke to His disciples within a few hours of His death.

"In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world."—John 16.33.

WE WILL REMEMBER



Marian Bertram—*Central*. 15.8.40—July, 1955

Mary Elizabeth Chalmers—*Edinburgh*. 1931—18.8.55

Mabel A. Ellis—*Tottenham*, October, 1936—August, 1955

Margaret Coggan—*Carshalton*. 5.7.32—11.9.55

Beatrice Elms (Birthday Scheme Secretary)—*Central*.

July 1923—19.9.55

Beatrice Elms (Birthday Scheme Secretary)—*Central*.

Florence E. Barker—Builder attached to Folkestone Branch—October, 1951—15th Sept. 1955

Anne Ironside—*New Zealand*—d. Sept. 10th, 1955.

NOTES AND NEWS

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER has graciously consented to attend the performance of the Comedy "For Better or Worse" at the Scala Theatre, which the Stock Exchange Dramatic and Operatic Society are giving in aid of *Toc H* on Wednesday 30th November. Tickets are available from 3/- to 2 gns. from Ken Rogers, 47, Francis Street, London, S.W.1. Early application for tickets is advisable.

THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT will be observed in turn at 9 p.m. by local time on Saturday, December 10, in places westward of Greenwich to the Pacific, and on Sunday, December 11, from New Zealand westward to Greenwich. The Vigil will be held simultaneously in all parts of the world during the twenty-four hours starting at 9 p.m. by Greenwich mean time on Saturday, December 10. There is abundant evidence that the Vigil held at the time of the World Chain of Light last December was widely observed and that it proved to be a new and significant experience for many members. Suggestions will be made available (in booklet form) for a Theme to be used during each of the twenty-four hours of the Vigil. One copy will be issued free to each Branch, and further copies for personal use may be obtained from Crutched Friars House, London, E.C.3, price 6d each (6s. a dozen, post free).

NATIONAL FESTIVAL—2nd and 3rd June, 1956. Further details will be published in the January Log.

PICTORIAL SEALS: Sheets of these seals showing beauty spots in the British Isles have been made available to the Women's Association by Mr. Jackson Cole who has already done so much for the *Toc H* Development Appeal. These Seals can be affixed to envelopes and would be particularly attractive for letters going Overseas. Sheets are obtainable from Crutched Friars House, London, E.C.3, at 1/- per sheet.

CHILDREN IN TROUBLE (Price 6d): Home Office Circular No. 99/1953, referred to in the Syllabus can be obtained (price 7d including postage) direct from H.M. Stationery Office, York House, Kingsway, W.C.2. This also applies to two of the books recommended for study—"Out of School" and "Approved Schools, Borstals and Prisons", published by H.M. Stationery Office. These publications should NOT be ordered from the Home Office. Alternatively, these and other books suggested can be ordered through your local bookseller, apart from those obtainable from Crutched Friars House.

1956 TOC H DIARIES are now ready. Price 3/6 or fitted with pencil 4/- post free. These are obtainable from *Toc H Headquarters*, 47 Francis Street, S.W.1, and NOT from Crutched Friars House.

STOCKTON AND THORNABY Women's Association writes: This year we have been in being for 25 years so on the 4th June we celebrated with the Women's and Men's Branches in this Area. In the afternoon Canon Salter officiated at a Rededication Service in Holy Trinity Church. Over 100 members sat down to tea and we were honoured by the presence of the Mayor and Mayoress of Stockton, Councillor and Mrs. Wiseman, who are both members of Stockton Toc H. Light was taken by the Chairman, Mrs. Ray, who was one of the first members. During tea the two cakes were cut by Mrs. Dawson—one of the original members—and Mrs. Smith—the last to be initiated. In the evening Mr. Jack Sugden gave us an interesting talk on Toc H during the last 25 years.

The celebrations concluded with a very good concert provided by the Top Liners Concert Party presented by Mr. C. Rowden who is a member of Stockton Men's Branch.

AN IDEA: A member of Bassett Southampton Branch, writes: In our Church we have a Young Married Couples Club which meets monthly for discussions, social events, films, etc. For the people who come on a Saturday evening we find "sitters in"—often from among the younger church members (unmarried)—who not only "sit-in" on Saturday but also for one church service on Sunday—to enable the parents to go together. A member of our Branch contacts the parents of children on the "Cradle Roll" and any others who might be interested in maintaining contact with their church but who would find it difficult unless a "sitter-in" could be found. It is also hoped to interest those who rarely attend a place of worship. Congratulations on the new Log.

FARNHAM FESTIVAL: Letty Flux of Derbyshire writes: For four whole weeks the sun shone down on Farnham Castle and its lovely gardens. Lucky were the people who were able to share in the happy fellowship there during the month of August this year.

On looking back, the point that struck me most of all was the wonderful family atmosphere. We meet it in Toc H in many different ways but never have I come across it in such a complete sense. We were a family holidaying together, laughing, teasing, listening, discussing, eating, playing, and worshipping. There was that complete mixture of people we want in our Branch life, with the expert dropping in to highlight the day or evening.

TOC H WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION IN SCOTLAND had their annual week-end at Gean House, Alloa, on 8th/9th May. D.N. writes: Mrs. Audrey Davidson ("Peth") was our guest speaker. Many of us were delighted to renew an old friendship with Peth and we, all of us, enjoyed her talks. The first talk was provocative, and Peth followed it up by asking us to discuss in groups some of the problems which confront our Movement.

Peth's second talk gathered up our suggestions and threw them back at us with a challenge to do something about them. She also heartened and inspired us to face up to them by telling us her own beliefs in what Toc H is; what it could do in our world today if the members live it out in their lives.

PETERBOROUGH Branch continued the celebration of their 25th Birthday with a party for elderly and lonely folk on July 7th. Those of the company of 34, who were unable to walk were collected by car. After tea, which was enjoyed by all, competitions and singing ended a pleasant afternoon.

PETERBOROUGH Branch with New England Branch, helped again this year with the cripple outing. This is an annual event organised by Peterborough District Toc H with the co-operation of members of the Rotary Club, who lend and drive the cars.

Over 80 cripples were taken in over 30 cars to Barnwell Manor, the home of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. An extended route was taken which gave them a 20-mile ride in the country.

COME to All Hallows Bazaar at Sir John Cass College, 19th November; opening at 11 o'clock by Mrs. Luke Paget.

MRS. HORNE'S new address is Curzon House Club, 21 Curzon Street, London, W.1.

HEMEL HEMPSTEAD celebrated the coming of age of their Branch on June 4th. B. I. Trend says: It was a memorable occasion, starting with a service of Thanksgiving and Re-dedication at the Congregational Church, conducted by the Padre, the Rev. J. K. Antrobus, who gave an inspiring address to a congregation of members and friends from other Branches. The Lesson was read by Mrs. P. Bradford, one of the original members.

Miss E. Trevelyan Lee was the Guest Speaker, and gave an address which was very much appreciated.

There followed an entertainment of a very high standard which had been organised by Mrs. I. Parr. Her mother, Mrs. F. Miller, who had been a member of the Branch since its formation, was, during the afternoon, presented with a bouquet of roses as a token of esteem and appreciation of her long membership.

A JOINT EFFORT of Preston and Kirkby Lonsdale Branch of the Toc H Women's Association is described by F. M. Heywood: In August Preston Branch took 25 elderly or infirm Preston women for an afternoon coach trip in the country. They left at 2 o'clock for Kirkby Lonsdale via Gisburn—where they had tea, minerals or ices given by one of the Preston Toc H men—and Settle. On arrival at Kirkby Lonsdale, there was an excellent tea awaiting them provided by the Kirkby Lonsdale Toc H Women's Association Branch.

BIRTHDAY SCHEME: Owing to the death of Beatrice Elms, members of the Birthday Scheme are asked, until further notice, to send their donations direct to Crutched Friars House.

IN MEMORIAM

Anne Ironside, New Zealand, September 10th

Anne Ironside has been for many years the leader of the Women's Association in New Zealand in matters of thought and study in spite of increasing ill-health. As Dominion Pilot she compiled for the use of the branches from time to time courses of study, and each year has inspired the members by her "charge" to the Dominion Council at its meeting, encouraging them to further efforts and to a wider outlook. Last March at the 1955 Council, she was not able to be present, but her message was read. It contained three definite "points of challenge"—(1) a yearly renewal of acceptance of Toc H membership; (2) the challenge of the teenage problem of impurity and moral delinquency demanding from Toc H action, perhaps in starting mixed clubs well run and strongly led; and (3) facing the full import of the Main Resolution in every aspect of the national life, education, government, Church and sport.

We hope that a fuller appreciation of Anne's great contribution to Toc H in New Zealand may follow later from one of those who were most intimate with her; and some day we hope to hear how her challenge has been taken up—a challenge which calls for action within the reach but not yet fully grasped by the Movement anywhere in the world.

Beatrice Elms, Central Branch, September 19th

Members whose memories go back to the 1920's will recollect the two Elms sisters—Rosalind and Beatrice—Rosalind whose fiancé had known well Talbot House, Poperinghe, and whose special work for the League of Women Helpers was the initiation of the Birthday Scheme and carrying on its steadily growing work; and Beatrice, the younger, relying on her strong and capable elder sister in so many ways. Rosalind died some $4\frac{1}{2}$ years ago and her work was cheerfully shouldered by her sister, now very much alone, but never showing how much she felt this loneliness. The Memorial Service for her in All Hallows showed how wide a circle of friends she had, when on September 19th she rejoined Rosalind, after a short illness and brave attempt to carry on in spite of it. In her quiet way, Beatrice did a great deal, both for All Hallows and for Toc H Women's Association and was a perfect example of the ordinary member whose life is given to God's service through Toc H without advertisement; the ordinary member who, in fact, makes Toc H what it is.

LETTERS . . .

Dear Editor,

Having read with interest the article in the May-June Log re "Lacking Self Denial" I am somewhat surprised at its tone especially coming from a Pilot.

The Branch of which I am a member has taken part in this form of giving annually since its inception and I know that each member has made it a very personal affair. The sum total has never been very great but brought along in a spirit of self-denial. One member this year gave the difference between a skein of mending and a pair of new nylon stockings which she had intended buying that week. Has our good friend the Taunton Pilot thought of denying herself a new Easter bonnet or going without that new coat or some form of dress she had particularly set her heart on, and given the cost of same to her Branch's self-denial fund? She cannot surely get satisfaction from giving half a crown she does not miss, and how much better off the funds of Toc H W.A.

Thanking you for producing such a very satisfactory Log.

GREIG GOLDING
(Gillingham, Kent)

Dear Editor,

Here is another letter to add to the heap!

The May-June number of the Log is particularly interesting to me as I have many relatives in Australia, and have supported the Over 30 Association for many years.

The points for the Log which I should like to raise are:

1. Did Dr. Duguid in his article in the "Link" say nothing of the marriage customs of the Australian aboriginal tribe with the unpronounceable name? So often, in missionary and other journals, the marriage customs of primitive tribes form one of the most difficult nuts to crack in introducing them to a better way of living. I should be very interested to have further information about this.

2. The article about self-denying weeks (or such arrangements of any length of time)—I have so often had the same thought and have tried to arrange some real connection between what I *give* and what I *do*—it is not easy for elderly people with a sufficient income. But I am sure a connection should always be made deliberately and should be something quite serious and hard. No, D.C. is not being tiresome but very salutary.

R. F. S.

(Gen. Member, W.A.)

The article we re-printed from the "Link" was only one of a series by Dr. Duguid.—EDITOR.

Dear Editor,

At a Branch meeting we discussed the Taunton Pilot's thoughts on Self Denial, and "Lacking Self Denial", and wholeheartedly agree with her findings. We ourselves feel strongly that we would send much more readily, and with considerable advantage to the movement to, say, a Thank Offering week. We could think of many things to be thankful for, and have many happy memories of Toc H which would warrant the production of more than 2/6.

T. L. BURNS
(for Solihull Branch)

Dear Editor,

May I be permitted through the medium of the Log to say very sincerely Thank You, to the members dispensing teas at the Toc H B.E.L.R.A. Garden Party in Regents Park on July 9th.

For the amazing way in which they coped, making over 1,000 sandwiches, the response to appeals for cakes, the servers, the "washers up" (never a glamorous job), the table clearers, not forgetting the lower region staff in their seemingly never ending job of replenishing empty tea urns—and the valiant work of Toc H Mark VII men with their job of lifting and carrying said urns.

The co-operation between Toc H men and women at this most enjoyable annual function brings out so very forcibly our fellowship, our service, our fastmindedness not always easy in team work, and our endeavours to witness very humbly for the Kingdom of God on earth.

DOROTHY HUCKER
(Toc H B.E.L.R.A. Garden Party Committee. 1955)

From Geoffrey Savill (Hon. Organising Sec. of the Garden Party):

I would be *most* grateful if you would make sure that through your columns a sincere thank you is said to all the Women's Association members who helped, from me, and the rest of the male members of the committee.

Dear Editor,

Our Branch was very interested in the article in the May-June Log by the Taunton Pilot on Self Denial Week. We feel as she does, that there is really no Self Denial in it at all, at least in our Branch. We should like to suggest it is called "Gift Week" or "Thanksgiving week". Giving thanks for all our Blessings and I'm sure each member has some Blessings for which to be thankful.

ELSIE FISHER
(Chairman, Stowmarket Branch)

**When you write to the LOG,
cut out this coupon and stick
it on the left-hand top corner
of your envelope**

LETTERS

Dear Editor,

Yesterday our copies of the Log arrived and so to-day while travelling 12 miles into the city (all our members are widely separated) and then on over the bridge and 16 miles further on to the suburb of Hornsby, had ample opportunity of delving into its many interesting pages. The closing pages plus our very enjoyable and more or less historical Toc H day (historical N.S.W. Women's association) prompted this letter.

We were having our first gathering of our three Sydney branches. It is still quite a thrill to us to have Wahroonga and Cammeray as Sydney has been a lone branch for so long.

We gathered in the home of one of our members and the "Resolution" from the recent Toc H Conference in Adelaide, which six of us attended, brought forth much discussion as it was considered paragraph by paragraph. Questions on Toc H Topics had been handed in and were answered by a small "Panel". We look forward to big and bright things in the future and are happily anticipating our very first combined job at the end of the month, i.e., entertaining with afternoon tea, about 50 New Settlers and their friends after a Naturalisation Ceremony in the City.

It seemed an excellent opportunity so we handed over a copy of the Log to each of our New Branches—you may hear more news from Australia soon.

JOAN MORRIS
(Secretary, Sydney Branch)

To the Editor

May I express through the pages of the Log a very belated acknowledgment of the many kindnesses shown by Toc H people especially from Headquarters since my arrival from Australia in May. Being very slow in adjusting myself to new conditions I am only now feeling more or less acclimatized. The Overseas Party in July was a joy, meeting folk in the flesh, known before only through the medium of the written word.

Also I would like to comment on the Editorial in the September/October Log. It echoes a response in my experience of Toc H, that sense of belonging which is one of the movement's unique gifts and an attribute of a united family in the truest sense. You are wanted in a Toc H Branch, whatever your failings, for yourself.

AILSA G. BEANEY

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THE LOG

Published every second month by Toc H
Women's Association, Crutched Friars House,
London, E.C.3. [Tel.: Royal 5586.]

Annual Subscription	... 5s. 3d. post free
To Branch Secretaries	... 9s. od. per dozen postage extra.
Single Copies	... gd. each

ORDERS—

to Miss W. Adams at Crutched Friars House

MATERIAL FOR PUBLICATION—

To the Editor, Barbara Vise
Crutched Friars House, London, E.C.3

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MEETINGS:

Place

Day

Time

The Secretary is.....

.....

She will be glad to give further information.
